

NORMAL MAKES ME NAUSEOUS #2

Featuring:

**Maria Haberle Interviewed
Notes by William F. Willard
SPEEDBALL DALE!!!!!!!!!!!!
Other Oddities, Social Failings and
Disease!!!!!!
Did we metnion SPEEDBALL DALE?!?!?**



NOTES.
SUBMITTED BY WILLIAM F.
WILLARD

This views expressed in the following article are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of those at Normal Makes Me Nervous.

June 10th, 2012 – The Grand Canyon, AZ

Fell asleep at the wheel on Rte 89 somewhere in Utah. The truck I had purchased down in Flagstaff for a mere \$500 was probably not going to make it anyway. A nice Mormon couple on vacation drove me and my sack and sleeping bag to the great crack in the earth. I slept in the park for three nights, sharing food with kind strangers. The electricity in my ipod ran out. I thought about John Denver.

July 3rd, 2012 – Barstow, CA

Too much time spent in Arizona. I took a labor job cleaning out abandon, foreclosed homes for a developer. Not my finest hour, but I was able to live cheap and save money enough to by a 95 Honda Accord. The car, with 112,000 miles on it decided it was time to go that much further west, and here I sit in the small town of Barstow on the eve of a nation's independence. Ah, yes, Barstow, CA. Known only to those who live here and loved by even less. The water is cool.

July 15th, 2012 Pomona, CA

Might as well have died than landed in Pomona. Looking to go north, this Southern California beauty myth is scared by concrete and Starbucks at every turn. Met a barmaid and kissed in the parking lot, just like Hollywood wanted me to. Erik sent me a link to the band The itchy Hearts from Richmond, VA. They've kept me company on the road. Sold the car for motorcycle, the funds are low and the gas tanks are easier to fill. I need a shower, sleeping in parks and libraries. I need new shoes, a new pair a drawers, a book I'd be obliged to return, rather than leave behind.

July 31st, 2012 Bakersfield, CA

I was drivin' home early Sunday morning through Bakersfield, listening to gospel music on the coloured radio station, and the preacher said: "You know you always have the lord by your side". And I was so pleased to be informed of this that I ran twenty red lights in his honor, Thank you Jesus, thank you lord!

- Far Away Eyes written by Keith Richards and Mick Jagger.

August 5th, 2012 - Carson City, NV

Things are restless in this heart. Almost got caught shoplifting at a Target outside of Fresno, CA. But I got a RUN DMC shirt and a pair of socks. Lost my heart and water bottle in Stockton. Ate good Mexican in Folsom overlooking the Sacramento River, had drinks with a florist. Erik was pleased when I told him all about it. Tried to look up some people that might have been friendly, but somewhere I lost the phone with all the numbers and addresses I'd collected or bartered for. Headed to Lake Tahoe and decided to take a swim. Been in Nevada ever since.

September 9th, 2012 - Klamath Falls, OR on the way to Bend, OR

Had a bit of bad luck, but I cut the chord on an ibook at a Best Buy in Reno and was able to pass info from one artifact to the next. Ah technology. Traded a couple books for a new back pack from some nice, but most likely thieving hippies who were traveling in the opposite direction as me. Only the best kind of people enter my life. Sent letters to my estranged wife in Virginia, remembered my mother's birthday on the right day. Rest her soul. I've been sleeping under the stars, but it's getting a bit cold on this side of the mountain. The beard is unruly. Small children love it. Their parents see me for the vagrant thief I am. Got a new tattoo of the cross and the crown, a reminder that even fairytales can feel real. Erik sent me this poem by Pablo Neruda the other day:

Die Slowly - Pablo Neruda

*He who becomes the slave of habit,
who follows the same routes every day,
who never changes pace,
who does not risk and change the color of his
clothes,
who does not speak and does not experience,
dies slowly.
He or she who shuns passion,
who prefers black on white,
doting ones i's rather than a bundle of
emotions, the kind that make your eyes
glimmer,
that turn a yawn into a smile,
that make the heart pound in the face of
mistakes and feelings,
dies slowly.
He or she who does not turn things topsy-
turvy,*

*who does not risk certainty for uncertainty,
to thus follow a dream,
those who do not forego sound advice at least
once in their lives,
die slowly.*

*He who does not travel, who does not read,
who does not listen to music,
who does not find grace in himself,
she who does not find grace in herself,
dies slowly.*

*He who slowly destroys his own self-esteem,
who does not allow himself to be helped,
who spends days on end complaining about his
own bad luck, about the rain that never stops,
dies slowly.*

*He or she who abandons a project before
starting it, who fails to ask questions on
subjects he doesn't know, he or she who doesn't
reply when they are asked something they do
know,
dies slowly.*

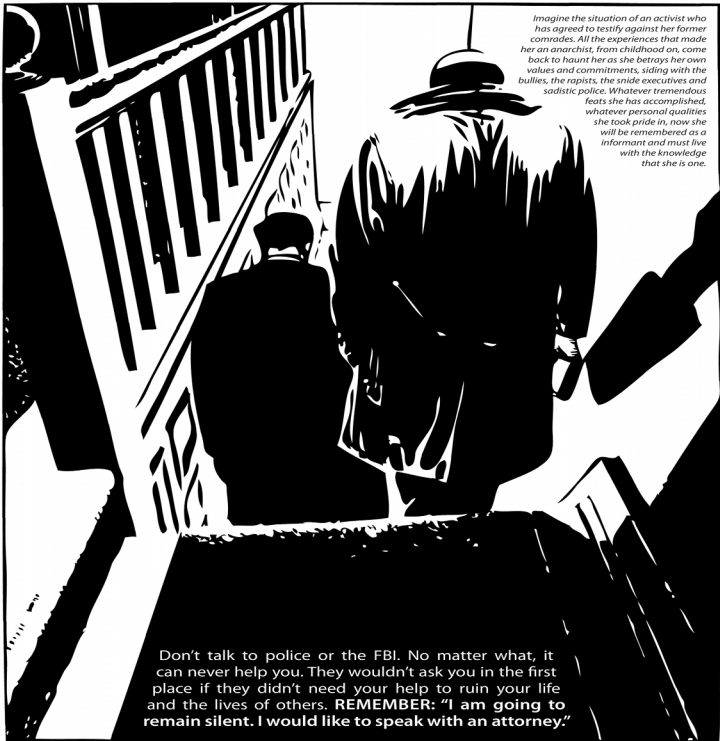
*Let's try and avoid death in small doses,
reminding oneself that being alive requires an
effort far greater than the simple fact of
breathing.*

*Only a burning patience will lead
to the attainment of a splendid happiness.*

September 27th, 2012 - somewhere.

Things seem desolate, desperate. Lost the weight of the world but gained the weight of a broken heart. I try to clean the dirt from under my fingernails, but the side of the highway is no place to find grace or god or any deity that might keep a handi-wipe on hand. Things don't always look this bad, but they don't always look this good either. I'm gonna park here for the night and see where the morning comes. This is my last letter home, friend. At least for now, for as long as I call this patch of grass under the sky my own. Kisses to Katie, the kittens and the friends of yours I never seem to meet.

William F. Willard is a traveler, skateboarder, poet and romantic who can rarely be found anywhere, unless you allow your mind to wander. Then you'll see him sitting on a bench, smiling, smoking a cigarette. These were the last transmissions he sent us.



Imagine the situation of an activist who has agreed to testify against her former comrades. All the experiences that made her an anarchist, from childhood on, come back to haunt her as she betrays her own values and commitments, siding with the bullies, the rapists, the snide executives and sadistic police. Whatever tremendous feats she has accomplished, whatever personal qualities she took pride in, now she will be remembered as a informant and must live with the knowledge that she is one.

Don't talk to police or the FBI. No matter what, it can never help you. They wouldn't ask you in the first place if they didn't need your help to ruin your life and the lives of others. **REMEMBER: "I am going to remain silent. I would like to speak with an attorney."**

DON'T TALK TO POLICE OR THE FBI

FREEDOM AND SAFETY ARE FACTORS UNDER OUR CONTROL, not external circumstances. Freedom is not a matter of how many fences happen to be around you, but of following the dictates of your conscience no matter what. Safety is not the condition of being temporarily outside the grasp of your enemies, but of trusting yourself enough to know that your friends will never come to harm because of you, that you will never become something you despise.

ecoprisoners.org greenscare.org fbwitchhunt.org
If you have been contacted by the FBI regarding environmental activism and need legal advice, call 1-888-NLG-ECO-LAW
Remember to invoke your 5th amendment rights under OUR constitution. If it has a badge and a gun do not answer it's questions. Hand it flowers and stay silent.

Maria Haberle has pretty much the most crush worthy smile on the planet. When you meet her, you instantly like her. Even Nolan likes her. He can't resist her amazing smile and Nolan pretty much hates everything. Maria let me interview her about working in a hotel, drawing on people and Nolan.

EG: Good Morning Maria. How are you today?

MH: good morning. =] sleepy.... but fine thanks

EG: Very good to hear. I understand you work at a hotel at the reception desk. I think this is a good job for you because you are a very pleasant person and have a good smile. What is your favorite thing about working in a hotel?

MH: Well thanks! My favorite thing about working in a hotel is getting to meet people from all over the world and hear their travel stories. I meet some really awesome people!



Nolan?

EG: Traveling is an awesome thing to do. I recently just traveled to Flagstaff, Arizona with our mutual friend Nolan. Can you tell me the story of how you met

MH: Shit, I barely remember. It was a over eight years ago. Pretty sure it was just some random night that he was over at Justin's, Butters was there too. I just went over to hang out and then BAM!-Nolan. And then we've all hung out together since. =]

EG: Butters, our other mutual friend just moved to Washington DC recently with his lady friend Sami. Even though I am happy to see them do something awesome in their life, I was sad to see them go. Do you get sad when people you like move away or do you get psyched for them?

MH: Both. How can you not feel both? Its a wonderful thing to see people move on and do bigger things, especially in a case where they've worked so hard to move on to bigger and better things. Although, its extremely difficult to deal with a friend leaving, because they're part of your life, and then all of the sudden they're a part of your life hundreds or thousands of miles away. Its hard

EG: I agree. Missing people can be very difficult. So, you also

parties. Is it difficult to draw on people, especially at the parties you draw on them at?

MH: Well, usually when this takes place, I'm pretty drunk. And of course its difficult! They breathe and shit, which makes them expand somewhat. Also, drawing is a difficult task for me regularly, so drawing on a person is extremely difficult. I have to get mean... they move too much! Gotta hold 'em down. Lol



EG: Well I think you do a good job of holding em down to express your creativity. So between work, school, art and hanging out with Nolan and Justin, you are a pretty busy person. What do you do to hold all of that down?

MH: I don't sleep nearly as much as I'd like to. Although the amount I'd like to sleep is

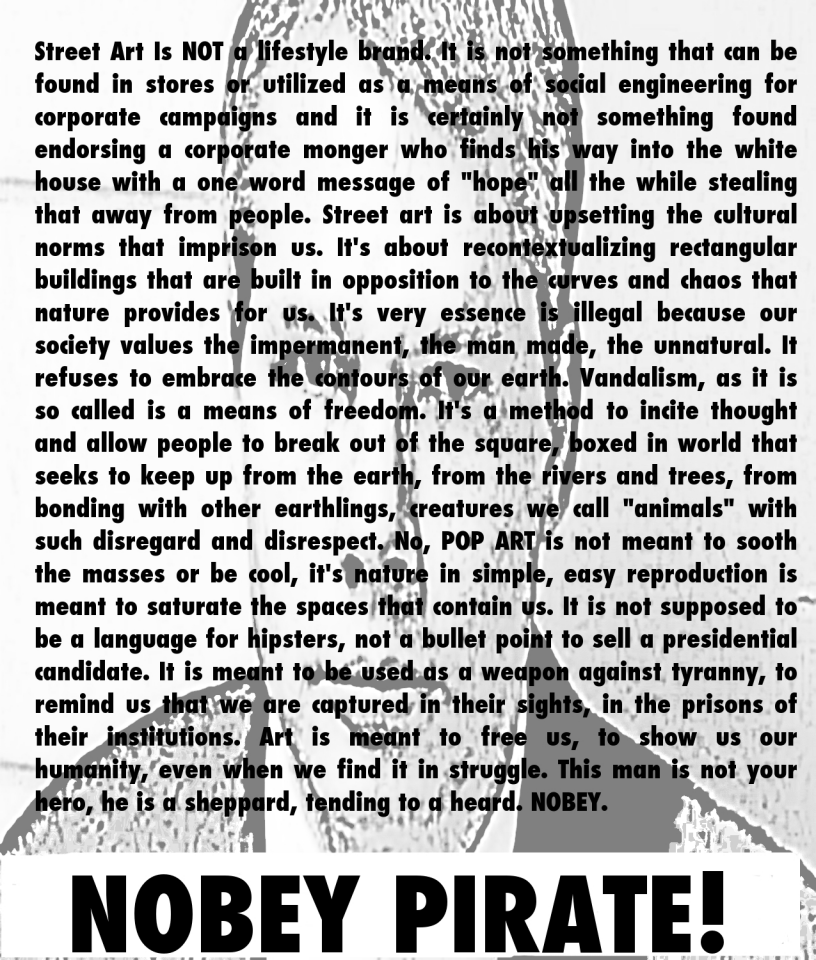
astronomical... preferably days on end. I think its because I lost so much sleep in my early teenage years with those dudes.

But, there are 24 hours in a day, and thats a lot of time. =] I like to sit and visit with people, if only for a little while. Art takes me away from life, so its easy to push myself to get it done.

I only to work because something has to pay the bills... and I go to school because I enjoy it-even though it burns me out

EG: Well, thank you very much for doing this. I greatly appreciate it, Maria. Keep on being the super awesome person you are and I'll see you at the next Beer and Pancakes!

MH: Woohoo! Thank you, Erik. It gave me a much more exciting reason to procrastinate on homework See ya in a week!



Street Art Is NOT a lifestyle brand. It is not something that can be found in stores or utilized as a means of social engineering for corporate campaigns and it is certainly not something found endorsing a corporate monger who finds his way into the white house with a one word message of "hope" all the while stealing that away from people. Street art is about upsetting the cultural norms that imprison us. It's about recontextualizing rectangular buildings that are built in opposition to the curves and chaos that nature provides for us. It's very essence is illegal because our society values the impermanent, the man made, the unnatural. It refuses to embrace the contours of our earth. Vandalism, as it is so called is a means of freedom. It's a method to incite thought and allow people to break out of the square, boxed in world that seeks to keep up from the earth, from the rivers and trees, from bonding with other earthlings, creatures we call "animals" with such disregard and disrespect. No, POP ART is not meant to sooth the masses or be cool, it's nature in simple, easy reproduction is meant to saturate the spaces that contain us. It is not supposed to be a language for hipsters, not a bullet point to sell a presidential candidate. It is meant to be used as a weapon against tyranny, to remind us that we are captured in their sights, in the prisons of their institutions. Art is meant to free us, to show us our humanity, even when we find it in struggle. This man is not your hero, he is a sheppard, tending to a heard. NOBEY.

NOBEY PIRATE!

Tales from the Road. By Speedball Dale.



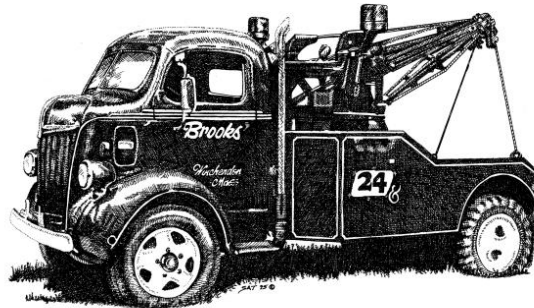
Well, hello. My name is Speedball Dale. I am a truck driver for Steel Dawg Towing. It's a pretty good job. You know, as jobs go. I get to drive around , picking up cars and shit, listening to metal and generally just getting a lot of time to think.

The road is great place to think, man. Usually I just get up in the morning, take a shower, put on my work shirt and jeans and head out. I usually

go to 7-11 and get a cup of coffee and an egg and sausage sandwich. Being on the road all day is kinda hard and you gotta eat when you can, so I usually get myself a couple Red Bulls and some sunflower seeds.

I get in my truck and go to the tow yard. I down a couple Adderal so I can stay awake and focused. Mostly I work like 16 hour days. It can be a long haul sometimes, especially if we get a call that's kinda out of the way. We haul all kinds of fucked up shit, man. I towed a fucking rusted out Ford Truck off a fucking farm all the way down in Deming. Fucking no roads, out in the middle of the field. You gotta be alert for that kinda shit, cuz you hit a fucking log or a fucking downed cactus man and shit just fuckin' sucks.

So I try to chill out. Because it's against the law and Ol' Speedball kinda doesn't want to go back to jail, I don't drink and drive. But the cool thing about being on the road is sometimes, you get to eat lunch in far out fucking places. Living



out west, here in the middle of the desert there are still like biker bars in small towns. So you know, if I'm hauling some junk, there's no hurt to get back, I'll try to find the first cantina I can and get my self a nice Miller Light and a fat burrito with green chili and carne adovado. Then, it's back to hauling shit.

The other crazy thing about driving a fucking tow truck is you meet

get some asshole who get's pissed at the world and starts cussing at you. I'll drop a mother fucking car and let that fucker roll right into the fucking street though. I don't give a fuck.

Sometimes I do repo's. Those are never fucking good. One time Dale got shot at by a woman in nothing but a robe and slippers. She full ran out, cigarette in her mouth and shotgun at her hip and tried to buck shot ol' Dale, man. Shit was no good. Funny thing was she took out the window of the car she wasn't making payments on. Sometimes the world has crazy motherfuckers in it and sometimes you just gotta drive faster then 'em.

So yeah, that's pretty much my life, man. Just hauling cars and drinking beers. I work with good folks and don't get too much shit. Plus, I get to play Motorhead and Black Tusk all day. Shit man, you just gotta let life move and try to flow with the mother fucker as best you can.

Oh yeah, I got a facebook page man. I don't get on it too much, but sometimes I just like to drop some sayin's that might help out. Thanks to Erik for letting me write this.

Find Speedball Dale at facebook.com/dale.speedball or twitter.com/SpeedballDale. He'll be the guy without sleeves on his shirt.

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO BEAU BEAU (THE CAT)



Really? You're wasting your time, friend. There isn't any master plan, or big pay off, or awakening or any of that shit. Okay. You get distemper, you get your balls cut off, then you get your cock cut off cuz you had fucking stones and you can't pass those fuckers, then you get put in a cage and driven across country for no fucking reason. You eat the same stupid shit, drink nothing but water and pass your days sleeping because what else are you going to fucking do. Or not. Maybe you do something else. Do you really feel that much better about your life? Do you really feel like you made a difference? Look at the world around you, it's totally fucked and it's all your fault. There's no way out of this maze, this matrix, so why even bother? For fuck sake. I'm gonna sit here and lick my butthole then I am gonna puke up a hairball on you. Silly fucker.

SPEEDBALL DALE FACT SHEET



#1 His favorite bands are Mastodon, Red Fang, Motorhead, Slayer, High on Fire and Black Tusk.

#2 He is currently divorced.

#3. He loves hats.

#4. He drives a truck for a living and "fuckin' loves it man".



#5. His favorite beer is cold.
#6. Dude loves Adderall
#7. Speedball Dale supports Gay Rights cuz "Love is fuckin queer no matter what, man. So fuck it, just love people, man."

#8. While unemployed, Speedball Dale tried to secure a position as a "male dancer" at various clubs in the greater Pittsburgh area. He believes though that body fascists were not too into his more "rotund" shape, "mother fuckers".

#9. Loves to Party. Constantly.

#10. Is a one time Sega Genesis "ROAD RAGE" Finalist.

#11. Gets sad when he thinks about how Alabama Thunder Pussy Broke up.

#12. Believes Freddy Mercury is in fact God.



#13. Is voting for the band Weedeater in the 2012 presidential election.

#14. Has a glass eye, prosthetic finger, and eleven toes.



